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119TH ANNUAL DINNER.

Friendly Sons of St. Patrick.

...1903...

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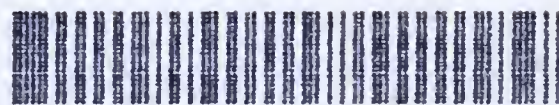
VOLUME 119
1903




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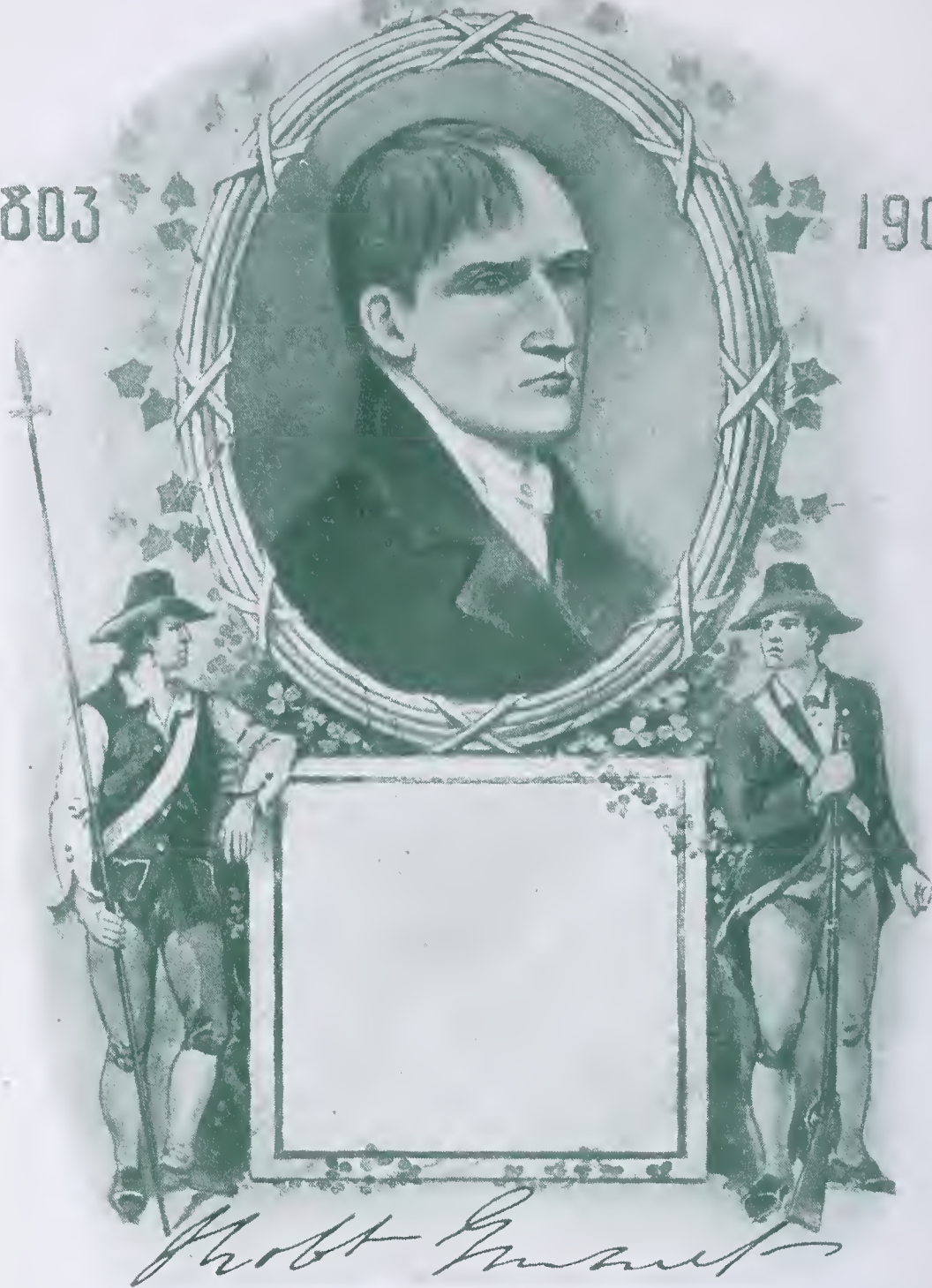


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1803

1903



SEAL OF
ROBERT EMMET



SEAL OF THE
UNITED IRISHMEN



SEAL OF
THOMAS ADDIS EMMET

PROCEEDINGS
AT THE
119TH ANNIVERSARY DINNER
OF THE
SOCIETY OF THE
FRIENDLY SONS OF ST. PATRICK
IN THE
CITY OF NEW YORK
AT
DELMONICO'S
MARCH SEVENTEENTH, 1903.



Reported and Published by Order of the Society.

1903.

Printed by William P. Mitchell.

8
Soc. of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick in the City of N.Y.

...Officers of the...

Society of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick,

In the City of New York.

1903.

PRESIDENT

JAMES FITZGERALD

FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT

JOSEPH I. C. CLARKE

SECOND VICE-PRESIDENT

MICHAEL J. DRUMMOND

TREASURER

JOHN D. CRIMMINS

RECORDING SECRETARY

JOHN J. LENEHAN

CORRESPONDING SECRETARY

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ALMONER

FRANCIS HIGGINS

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WILLIAM R. GRACE

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FRANCIS C. TRAVERS

JOHN O'SULLIVAN

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EDMOND J. CURRY

JNO. WILLIAMS

BARTHOLOMEW MOYNAHAN

COMMITTEE ON ADMISSIONS

MORGAN J. O'BRIEN

EDWARD D. FARRELL

JOHN J. QUINLAN

WILLIAM P. MITCHELL

JOHN E. KELLEY

77005

MARCH 17TH, 1903.



With love of Ireland, their far-off motherland, at their hearts, hope for her on their lips and the light of fellowship on their faces the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick assembled for their one hundred and nineteenth anniversary banquet. No gathering more representative of the finer Celtic qualities can be imagined. Well have they known how to evoke the spirit of the Gael, vivifying the olden glories of the race, raising the grim ghosts of its struggles and disasters, yet pointing the way to its happier destiny. Nor did they fail that night. Not less American for their Irish birth or parentage, they spoke for what they are, true fathers when life in their native land had been made intolerable by oppression.

A hundred years before a pure patriot soul had suffered the extreme penalty for loving Ireland, and hence they honored the name of Robert Emmet in memorial picture and the repetition of his deathless words.

What tales were told, what aspirations uttered, what faith was proclaimed the pages that follow will tell, but what type can carry to the mind the glow and color, the living emotion, the fine enthusiasm of the few short hours before the brilliant evening passed into the shadow of history?



THE LAST PARTING OF ROBERT EMMET AND SARAH CURRAN.

WHEN HE WHO ADORES THEE.

When he who adores thee has left but the name
 Of his fault and his sorrows behind,
 Oh! say, wilt thou weep, when they darken the fame
 Of a life that for thee was resign'd?
 Yes, weep, and however my foes may condemn,
 Thy tears shall efface their decree;
 For Heaven can witness though guilty to them,
 I have been but too faithful to thee.

With thee were the dreams of my earliest love;
 Every thought of my reason was thine;
 In my last humble prayer to the Spirits above,
 Thy name shall be mingled with mine.
 Oh! blest are the lovers and friends who shall live
 The days of thy glory to see;
 But the next dearest blessing that Heaven can give
 Is the pride of thus dying for thee.

—*Thomas Moore.*

GUESTS' TABLE.

DAIS.

President James Fitzgerald

Most Rev. John M. Farley	John J. Delany
Hon. John Cunneen	Joseph L. Barbour
Rev. Cyrus Townsend Brady	Hon. James A. O'Gorman
Hon. Morgan J. O'Brien	Hon. James A. Blanchard
Hon. Charles H. Van Brunt	Hon. Edward Patterson
Hon. Chester B. McLaughlin	Samuel Sloan
Hon. Henry A. Gildersleeve	David McClure
Hon. Vernon M. Davis	Hon. Garret J. Garretson
James S. Coleman	Hon. Joseph F. Daly
Holland Society	Society of Colonial Wars
New England Society	Southern Society
St. David's Society	Sons of the American Revolution

TABLE A.

Patrick Donahue	John Slattery
Charles Dempsey Donahue	Clement I. Walker
Theodore Connolly	Daniel F. Cohalan
Terence Farley	James J. Frawley
William Beers Crowell	Patrick Gallagher
Francis L. Manning	Caleb W. Cameron
John B. Manning	Harry P. Distecker
Robert J. Beechinoor	Charles A. Geoghegan
James W. O'Brien	Joseph Haan
Louis H. Voss	Philip J. Kornder
James Curran	John P. Butler
James F. O'Keeffe	Alexander Stevens
J. Hollis Wells	Thomas Barrett
Isaac Bell Brennan	Frank A. Merrall

Harry J. Luce
 John B. Finn
 Joseph P. Day
 Charles N. Taintor
 James C. Byrnes
 Joseph A. Fripp
 R. J. Lyons
 P. J. Brennan
 G. Kramer Thompson
 John J. Harrington
 D. C. Haggerty
 Lewis H. Spence
 John Goodwin

Albert E. Merrall
 Arthur B. Waring
 W. W. Vaughan
 A. S. White
 James M. Bingham
 Granville F. Dailey
 Charles I. McLaughlin
 Louis H. Orr
 Thomas J. Byrne
 William Schickel
 John J. O'Brien
 Warren T. Hall
 Lawrence Fagan

John J. Lenehan

TABLE B.

Charles H. Truax
 Sylvester J. O'Sullivan
 Francis Higgins
 Francis B. Delahanty
 Murray C. Dannenbaum
 Melville A. Stern
 J. H. McCormick
 A. G. Paine, Jr.
 William E. Wyatt
 Paul Allen Curtis
 Philip J. Britt
 Charles L. Brodt
 James Buckley
 J. H. Maddy
 Joseph E. Gavin
 John McLaughlin
 Dr. F. L. Tooley
 Patrick Kiernan
 Rev. Daniel H. O'Dwyer
 Thomas E. Torpy
 Joseph V. Morrisse
 William C. Tegethoff
 J. M. Motley
 J. Charles Mettam

Dr. C. J. MacGuire
 James H. Breslin
 James Kilduff
 James A. Deering
 Thomas C. Dunham
 John Von Glahn
 John H. Eastwood
 James Dunne
 E. Desbrosses Hunter
 John E. Kelley
 C. J. Ryan, Jr.
 John Delahunty
 J. Sergeant Cram
 Matthew Corbett
 John Lynn
 James McMahan
 Andrew B. Murray
 Michael Killackey
 Lewis Von Arnim
 Theodore Starrett
 John W. Hogan
 John Moore
 Joseph A. Flynn
 Joseph Mitchell

Jno. Williams

TABLE C.

Augustin Walsh	David O'Brien
Augustin Walsh	Thomas Byrnes
Henry A. Metz	Frank J. Breslin
Frank J. Goodwin	George H. Cornish
William E. Burke	William T. Ryan
Thomas C. Blake	Daniel F. Martin
Thomas Millen	John P. Dunn
A. C. Tully	Pierre G. Carroll
J. Henry Haggerty	Charles F. Wetzel
Rev. Wm. St. Elmo Smith	John T. Murray
Alfred J. Talley	Martin J. White
Dexter Fairchild	Wallace W. Atterbury
Maurice Bouvier	Herbert H. Vreeland
Edward T. Campbell	Daniel M. Brady
William H. Whalen	James E. Childs
Frank Wells	Edward A. Maher
George R. Sutherland	Thomas J. Shanley
Edward Hassett	George B. M. Harvey
Adrian H. Joline	James H. Reid
T. Hart Given	Adrian H. Larkin
Thomas L. Manson, Jr.	Devereux Emmet
C. W. Buchholz	Frederick H. Holbrook
Bernard Naughton	Daniel F. McMahon
Alfred Craven	Charles F. Murphy
Andrew A. McCormick	

TABLE D.

John W. Goff	Rufus B. Cowing
William Ordway Partridge	Warren W. Foster
Joseph E. Newburger	Edward R. Carroll
John F. Carroll	John H. Naughton
R. Ross Appleton	Edward A. McQuade
William J. O'Brien	William J. Carroll
John Stewart	William D. McNulty
Edward H. Warker	John W. Goff, Jr.
Henry Löwenthal	Terence J. McManus
Daniel F. Kellogg	Howard Carroll

Arthur F. Bowers
 Ashbel P. Fitch
 Arthur T. Sullivan
 John H. O'Connell
 Joseph Lee
 Frank Thompson
 Joseph T. Magee
 Terence F. Curley
 Charles J. Perry
 Richard L. Edwards
 Miles M. O'Brien
 James N. Wallace
 George Bertine
 W. J. K. Kenny

George C. Clausen
 August Belmont
 John B. McDonald
 M. F. Loughman
 Roderick J. Kennedy
 E. J. Loughman
 Dr. Francis J. Quinlan
 Dr. Francis J. Quinlan
 John Whalen
 R. A. Gustee
 William Crawford
 John Whalen
 William Joseph Clarke
 Manuel Rionda

J. I. C. Clarke

TABLE E.

Ruel W. Poor
 Vincent P. Travers
 W. H. Porter
 Henry P. Davison
 James McGovern
 Bird S. Coler
 George J. Gillespie
 Michael J. Scanlan
 Rev. Thomas L. Kinkead
 Thomas W. Hynes
 Andrew J. Corcoran
 James G. Haskins
 James P. Silo
 John H. Lewis, Jr.
 Louis B. Rolston
 Joseph W. Harriman
 Francis P. Garvan
 James F. Byrne
 Abner C. Thomas
 Frank T. Fitzgerald
 Charles W. Dayton
 Michael Brennan
 Edward J. McGuire
 Turner A. Beall

Edwin Hawley
 Edwin Langdon
 Frank Lord
 Michael E. Bannin
 Thomas M. Mulry
 Rev. Dr. D. C. Potter
 Rev. M. J. Fitzpatrick
 Charles A. Cowen
 William N. Croxton
 Thomas P. Fitzsimons
 Charles V. Fornes
 P. Garvan
 Patrick Ryan
 James G. Shaw
 P. J. Scully
 William Zaiss
 Robert E. Danvers
 E. J. O'Shaughnessy
 Thomas Lenane
 John Crane
 Arthur McClure
 John McClure
 John J. Pulleyn
 Henry A. Rogers.

Michael J. Drummond

TABLE F.

William Murray	Francis M. Scott
Daniel O'Connell	John J. Quinlan
Edmund G. Sutherland	Henry Bischoff, Jr
George H. Fearons	Louis F. Doyle
Francis L. Minton	John M. Digney
Peter J. Loughlin	Bartholomew Moynahan
Patrick H. Whalen	Thomas Kirkpatrick
Thomas J. Colton	John J. Gibbons
Louis M. Colton	John Gibbons
Thomas L. Watt	George E. Schanck
Alfred S. Brown	John F. O'Rourke
Charles L. Eidlitz	Andrew Freedman
John Fox	Robert J. Trimble
George William Kemp	John G. O'Keeffe
Edward Kemp	Thomas G. Patten
R. Floyd Clarke	E. D. Chanderler
Isaac Untermeyer	Patrick Farrelly
Randolph Guggenheimer	T. C. Farrelly
Walter J. Drummond	Joseph A. Marsh
Edward W. Hatch	Stephen Farrelly
J. P. Caddagan	Frederick R. Burnham
Thomas Crimmins	Richard Deeves
John D. Crimmins, Jr	Eugene A. Philbin
Nevada N. Stranahan	John J. Coppinger
John D. Crimmins	

TABLE G.

Thomas L. Feitner	Adrian T. Kiernan
Rev. Daniel C. Cunnion	Ambrose F. Travers
John P. Keane	Dr. William E. Cuff
James R. Keane	John Reilly
Antonio Rasines	Matthew F. Donohue
Edward E. McCall	John F. Doherty
Michael J. Mulqueen	John McCullagh
George M. Pinney, Jr.	William Dalton
John P. O'Brien	H. S. Graham
L. T. Fell	George B. Coleman

Richard H. Vaughan
 Thomas P. Riley
 Henry T. McCoun
 E. D. Farrell
 Robert E. McDonnell
 J. C. Anderson
 Peter McDonnell
 William H. Delany
 William P. Mitchell
 John P. Dooly
 Mark W. Brenen
 John O'Connell
 Ralph Peverley
 John J. Adams

Rev. Thomas F. Murphy
 H. G. Connell
 John F. Cockerill
 John F. Gouldsbury
 Edward J. Stapleton
 William J. Walsh
 George H. Fahrback
 Frank J. Heaney
 Owen J. Brady
 Hugh Kevenney
 T. J. Kevenney
 Peter J. Brady
 Lawrence Winters
 John C. Eames

John O'Sullivan

TABLE H.

John S. McAleenan
 Joseph A. McAleenan
 George Lightner
 Arthur McAleenan
 Henry McAleenan, Jr.
 Dr. M. J. Synnott
 T. Albeus Adams
 Thomas Mitchell
 Michael Duff
 Josiah A. Waller
 William D. May
 H. W. McMann
 Edward Knapp
 James A. Hart
 C. A. Hart
 Charles F. Hart
 P. A. Hart
 Dr. B. D. Sheedy
 Dr. C. E. Byrne
 James M. McNamara
 Patrick J. Menahan

Henry McAleenan, Sr.
 E. F. Hutton
 H. L. Horton
 Warren Leslie
 John Cotter
 Henry J. Smith
 Joseph B. Smith
 Philip A. Smyth
 Thomas F. Keogh
 Charles J. O'Callaghan
 Thomas P. Kelly
 Adam A. Cross
 William R. Jameson
 Harry Van Atta
 E. Clinton Smith.
 Timothy J. Hayes
 James Kearney
 John H. Rogan
 William J. Farrell
 John B. McKean
 Frank P. Cunnion

Theodore A. Madden	Rev. A. T. Roche
John H. Lynch	John Byrns
George Doubleday	Joseph W. Lawrence
Edward Early	John Furey
Theodore Hetzler	Charles A. Jackson
Robert D. Petty	Robert J. Hoguet
William Temple Emmet	

TABLE I.

William N. Penney	E. H. Moeran
John Vincent	William J. Broderick
Charles C. Sanders	John H. Scully
Herbert C. Smyth	John J. Hopper
Edward Duffy	Forbes J. Hennessy

TABLE J.

Arthur A. McLean	James S. Coleman
William H. Kelly	and five guests
William H. Kelly, Jr.	Austin Finegan

TABLE K.

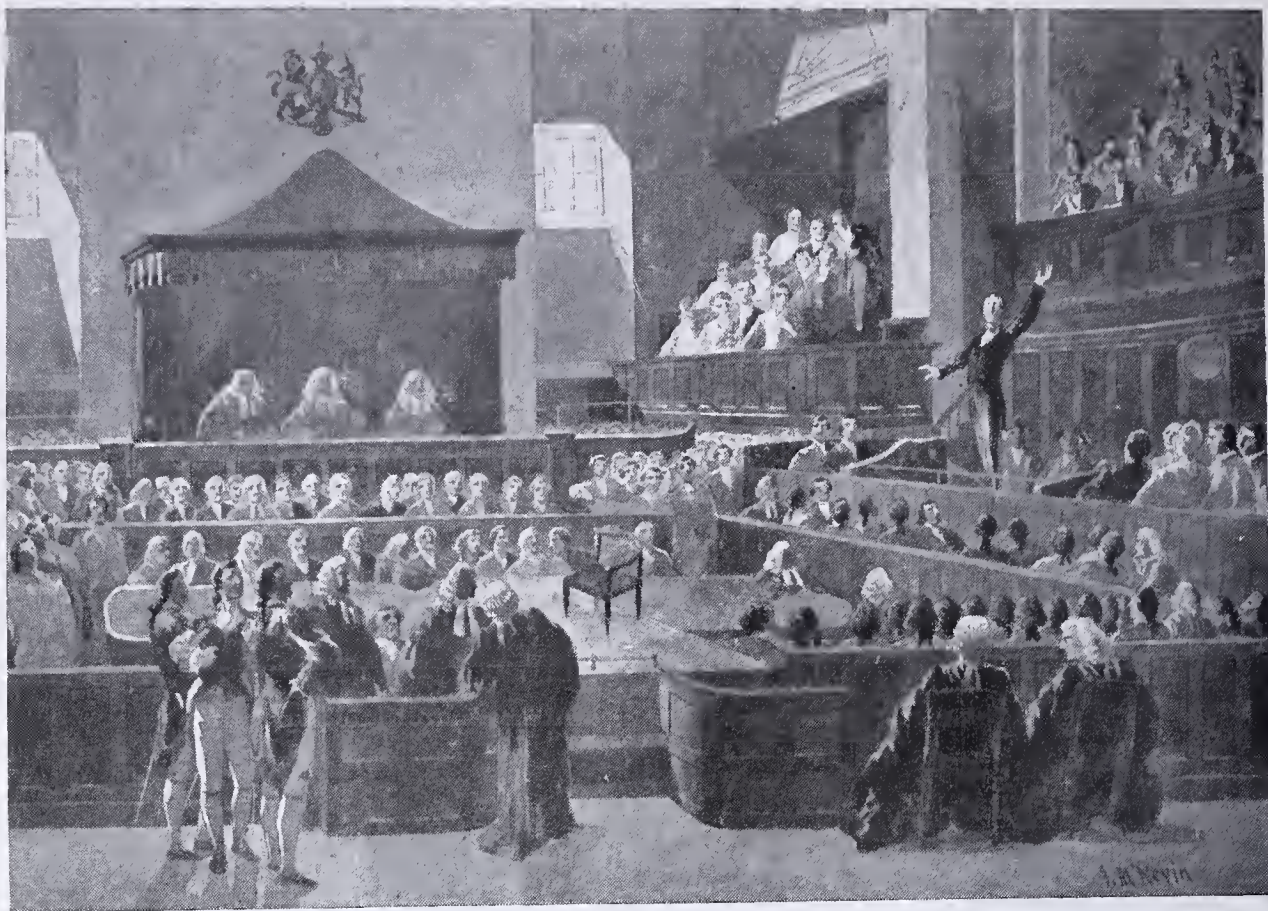
John J. Rooney	George J. Hurst
William H. Hurst	J. H. Deeves
Thomas F. McAvoy	George Burnham
William E. Paine	John J. Kennedy
Daniel Carroll	John C. Lalor

TABLE L.

Thomas J. Brady	Eugene Kelly
James Butler	Francis C. Travers
Robert L. Morrell	Rev. James N. Connolly
Charles Bostwick	Rev. John Lane
Thomas H. Kelly	Lawrence J. Calanan

TABLE M.

Michael McGrath	J. P. Callanan
William A. Kane	Ambrose F. McCabe
Matthew A. Kane	Lyman A. Spalding



THE TRIAL OF ROBERT EMMET IN GREEN STREET COURT, DUBLIN.

“Let no man when I am dead charge me with dishonor; let no man attaint my memory by believing I could be engaged in any cause but my country’s liberty and independence—which there is still union and strength in Ireland to accomplish. . . . I have but a few more words to say. I am going to my cold and silent grave; my lamp of life is nearly extinguished. I have parted with everything that was dear to me in this life and for my country’s cause—with the idol of my soul, the object of my affections. My race is run. The grave opens to receive me and I sink into its bosom. I have but one request to make at my departure from this world—*it is the charity of its silence*. Let no man write my epitaph; for as no man who knows my motives dare now vindicate them, let not prejudice or ignorance asperse them. Let them rest in obscurity and in peace; let my memory be left in oblivion, and my tomb remain uninscribed, until other times and other men can do justice to my character. When my country takes her place among the nations of the earth, then, and *not till then*, let my epitaph be written.”

TOASTS

I. THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

"The lives that serve the eternal verities
Alone do mould mankind,"

John H. Ingham.

2. PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS . . . HON. JAMES FITZGERALD

3. THE DAY WE CELEBRATE . . . MR. JOHN J. DELANY

"For love of old Erin and love of each other
The boards of the Gael are full to-night."

John Boyle O'Reilly.

4. THE UNITED STATES . . . MR JOSEPH L. BARBOUR

"Columbia, Columbia to glory arise
The queen of the world and the child of the skies."

Timothy Dwight, 1777.

5. CELTIC FOOTMARKS . . . REV. CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY

"If the sun never sets on the English world,
He never, lad, sets on the Irish Race."

Thomas Irwin.

6. THE STATE OF NEW YORK . . . HON. JOHN CUNNEEN

"There's freedom at thy gates, and rest
For earth's downtrodden and opprest"

Wm. Cullen Bryant.

7. THE CITY OF NEW YORK . . . HON. CHARLES V. FORNES

"Manhattan aces and eyes forever or me."

Walt Whitman.

...MENU...

PONCIRES

POTAGE

CONSOMMÉ CHATELAINE

BISQUE DE HOMARD

HORS D'OEUVRE

RADIS

OLIVES

CELERI

POISSON

AIGUILLETES DE BASS RAVIGOTTE VERTE

POMME DE TERRE PERSILLADE

RELEVÉ

FILET DE BŒUF FORESTIÈRE

HARICOTS VERTS SAUTÉS

ENTREES

RIS DE VEAU EN CAISSE À L'ITALIENNE

PETITS POIS PARISIENNE

TERRAPENE À LA BALTIMORE

IRISH BACON AND GREENS

SORBET ROMAINE

ROTS

CANARDS À TÊTE ROUGE SAMP FRIT ET GELEE

SALADE DE CELERI

ENTREMETS DE DOUCEUR

GLACES DE FANTAISIE

PIECES MONTEES

FRUITS

PETITS FOURS

FROMAGE

CAFÉ

SAUTERNE

SHERRY

CHAMPAGNE

CHAT. COUFFRAN

MINERAL

LIQUEURS

MUSICAL PROGRAM
DINNER
THE FRIENDLY SONS OF ST. PATRICK

IN THE CITY OF NEW YORK

DELMONICO'S, MARCH 17TH, 1903

BAYNE'S ORCHESTRA

MISS CLARA WINTER, HARPIST MR. GEO. W. MITCHELL, TENOR
MR. CHAS. C. DUNN, ACCOMPANIST MR. JOHN J. CASSIDY, BARYTONE

MARCH	"O'Donnell Aboo"	<i>Arranged by Bayne</i>
OVERTURE	"Innisfallen"	<i>Koppitz</i>
HARP SOLO	"On the Waves of the Sea"	<i>C. Oberthur</i>
	MISS CLARA WINTER	
DUETTE	"Let Erin Remember the Days of Old"	
	MESSRS. JOHN J. CASSIDY AND GEORGE W. MITCHELL	
SELECTIONS from "AIDA"		<i>Verdi</i>
BARYTONE SOLO AND CHORUS	"The Hail of the Friendly Sons"	<i>J. I. C. Clarke</i>
	MR. JOHN J. CASSIDY	
GALAXY OF CELTIC DANCES		<i>Murphy</i>
TENOR SOLO	"Molly Bawn"	
	MR. GEORGE W. MITCHELL, ACCOMPANIED BY MISS CLARA WINTER	
SELECTIONS from "The Country Girl"		<i>Monckton</i>
ENSEMBLE	"The Star Spangle Banner"	
	"The Wearing of the Green"	
	"My Own United States"	



SCENE OF THE CAPTURE OF ROBERT EMMET.

At half past nine p. m. Mr. Justice Fitzgerald, the president, rapped for order, and having secured the attention of the assembled diners, said :

THE PRESIDENT: Gentlemen, in our beloved country the people are the source of all authority. Power is delegated from time to time to individuals whose rule is upheld by devoted loyalty, and whose persons are most highly esteemed. We love and we honor our Chief Magistrate, and as true Children of Columbia, we drink to-night in obedience to our usual custom our first toast to the President of the United States. I give you the health of our fellow member, Theodore Roosevelt. "The lives that served the eternal verities alone do mould mankind." (Applause.) The toast was duly honored, all the members and their guests rising and singing in strong and stirring chorus the "Star Spangled Banner."

THE PRESIDENT: Gentlemen, I desire your attention for a moment to make an important announcement. His Grace, the Most Reverend Archbishop of New York, has honored us by his presence to-night, and we feel particularly thankful for the compliment. It is with regret that I tell you that he is now about to depart. It is advancing in the night, however, and we recognize that it would not be reasonable for us to detain him longer. Before he goes I wish to assure him of the best wishes of our patriotic and ancient Society. (Applause.) We trust that his years may be many. We witnessed with pride his elevation to his present sacred office. Not only were the clergy of the Archdiocese zealous in his support, but he had the prayers and best wishes of the laity. We recognize that divine wisdom guided by Holy See in placing so important a trust as this great Archdiocese of New York in his charge. Be assured, Most Reverend Sir, of our best wishes. Your past life of piety, sacrifice and labor is the pledge of your greater usefulness in this wider field to which you have been called. We are confident that the administration of your exalted and sacred office will be worthy of its grandest and holiest traditions. Gentlemen, I give you the health of His Grace, the Most Reverend Archbishop of New York. (Great Applause.)

ADDRESS OF ARCHBISHOP FARLEY.

ARCHBISHOP FARLEY: Mr. President, and Gentlemen of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick: I rise, not to make a speech, because I would not presume to speak impromptu before an audience like this, but simply to fulfil briefly a duty, that of returning thanks to your esteemed and eloquent President, and to you all for the kindly manner in which you have received my name and given me good health. I leave you because of urgent business, and leave you as every one does who has to quit a dinner of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, with extreme

regret: but I carry with me not only the pleasant memories of this evening, but the memories of other evenings that have been spent in this distinguished and numerous presence; and I trust, if I am ever honored again by an invitation to join you on one of these festal occasions, it will be my privilege to stay with you until the end of the program. I return you again my sincere thanks. (Great applause.)

THE PRESIDENT: Gentlemen, it now becomes my pleasing duty to extend a cordial Irish welcome to all of those who have honored our ancient Society by their presence here to-night. Not one, but a hundred thousand welcomes, as is flashed forth in the illuminated Gaelic characters above my head, I extend. We are proud of your presence, and our only regret is that even the resources of this magnificent establishment are not adequate for the entertainment of all of the dear friends that we would wish to have among us to-night. (Applause.)

This is the one hundred and nineteenth anniversary celebration, and at no place have the memories and ideas associated with the day been more honored than they have at all times at the board of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick. (Applause.) A splendid array of distinguished orators will voice the sentiments appropriate to the toasts to which they have been invited to respond, but it is proper that I should say a few words regarding the purposes and objects of our Society.

In the first place, we strive to cultivate the virtue of charity, charity in its broadest and most comprehensive sense, charity that is based upon the divine teachings of the Golden Rule, which would embrace all mankind within its scope and which would scatter seeds of kindness everywhere until all of God's children were moulded into a universal brotherhood, and peace, liberty and justice reigned all over the earth. (Applause.)

In the next place, we strive to cultivate friendship, that mutual regard which is based upon intimate knowledge of character. We try to teach its responsibilities, and we endeavor to bring within it all of our fellow citizens, without regard to creed or class; for we regard the word friend as one of the holiest of names, and the man who by goodness of heart deserves to be so entitled merits recognition in the temple of good fellowship and should be enshrined among the illustrious

benefactors of his race. We cultivate and endeavor to keep alert the spirit of patriotism, love of country, love of fatherland. We twine the flags of America and Ireland together, and the measure of our love for the one is the gauge of our devotion to the other. We would not be true to the Stars and Stripes if we were recreant to the Harp and Shamrock. (Applause.)

We have noticed with pleasure within a short time that the dawn of reason seems to be breaking in the Irish skies. The magnificent endurance of the people of Ireland has convinced a British ministry that coercion as a means of suppressing their feelings is a miserable failure, and the odious machinery of the Crimes Act that only a few months ago was set in operation has been abandoned, the prisons have been thrown open, and the incarcerated have been set free. The tenants of Ireland and the landlords of Ireland have sat in common conference within the past few weeks, and that Parliament which within a year refused to grant one single day to the consideration of Irish matters is prepared to devote the entirety of its next session to settle, we trust forever, the question of the landlords. (Applause.) The Irish landlords and the Irish tenants have got together and proposed a plan. Let us hope that their differences may be settled upon a basis that may be amicable and just, and let us pray that, having once got together, they will keep together and work unitedly for Ireland until every vestige of servitude, religious, industrial and political, is swept forever away. (Applause.)

We especially to-night honor the memory of the devoted patriot, Robert Emmet—(applause)—who died for Ireland a century ago. The principles for which he died are imperishable. That they may be protected and guarded by a divine providence until they reach their ultimate fruition in the restoration of her lost glory to Ireland, is the earnest and hearty prayer of every true friend of St. Patrick, no matter where he is to be found.

It is now my pleasant duty to announce the first regular toast of the evening, "The Day We Celebrate."

"For love of Old Erin, and for love of each other,
The boards of the Gael are full to-night."

(Applause.)

When the applause had ceased the orchestra played and the members joined in singing "The Wearing of the Green."

THE PRESIDENT: The toast just announced will be responded to by a brother member of our Society, a gentleman well known in the City of New York, and who from his boyhood has been continuously and industriously identified with the advancement of the interests of everything for which the Day We Celebrate stands.

It affords me great pleasure to present the Honorable John J. Delany. (Continued applause.)

ADDRESS OF HON. JOHN J. DELANY.

MR. DELANY: Mr. President, and guests of the Society, Friendly Sons of St. Patrick:

Far back in the past, almost before the dawn of history as we know it—one might even venture to say, in the childhood of the human race—there dwelt on an island in the north-western part of Europe a people, even at that time of great antiquity. At a later day—yet ages ago—they called their island home, in their sweet mother tongue, "Innisfail"—the Isle of Destiny. Situate far up towards the north, the winds that sweep over her are tempered by the beneficent influence of the Gulf Stream, so that whether it be Summer or Winter, her hill-sides and her valleys are covered with the beautiful verdure of the Springtime.

When Abraham was but a sheik dwelling with his people and his flocks on the oases which skirt the deserts of Arabia; when Moses afterwards led his people out of the land of Egypt and out of the house of bondage to the foot of Mount Sinai, where amid the thunder of the elements they received the law which was not to be abrogated until Time should be no more—even then these people had a government and a literature, a parliament and a reign of justice among the whole people. (Applause.) When Tyre and Sidon, the

twin cities of the Mediterranean, were making Phoenicia the mart of all the world, her sailors, returning from a venturesome voyage along the coast of the Atlantic, their purple sails filled with the winds that wafted them homeward, told their people that they had seen a wonderful race on a wonderful island in the northwestern sea, and they called it the island of sages and of saints. They had not yet planted the great colony of Carthage, which was to elevate money into a god; nor were there as yet any traces of the great beginnings of the government of Greece, which later was to make the world beautiful with her art and wise with her philosophy; nor was it until centuries after that that even a semblance appeared upon the face of the earth of that great empire of force and law which was to rule the civilized world under the name of Rome.

The kingdom which was promised to Abraham and his seed has risen to its height, has perished and passed away. Carthage, although she consecrated herself to money, found not in all her wealth the power to save her. Her parent empire of Phoenicia for over two thousand years has been swept from the sea, although at one time she was the great maritime power of the world. The archaeologist has been digging for nearly two thousand years amid the ruins to discover the sites of the ancient cities of Greece. It is more than fifteen hundred years since the proud Roman eagles went down in the dust forever before the onset of the young barbarian; they have all passed away; but Ireland and the Irish survive, and Ireland is as fresh and as promising to-day as she was on that morning early in creation when the sun first kissed her as she rose in all her virgin beauty out of the bosom of the deep. (Applause.)

The story of ancient Rome and of ancient Greece have had their chroniclers. From fable and from legend men have made a history which our forefathers believed. Mommsen and Niebuhr and Ihne, and the great German historical philosophers have swept away all the theories of the origin of Rome and simply consign it to the domain of fable. But the ethnologist and the archaeologist are coming to the help of the long neglected, almost discredited records of the old Irish people, and are proving that what the annals of the Four Masters say

was true and that Ireland can establish by irrefragable proof its claim to great antiquity and early civilization.

It has been the custom of those who have been inimical to our race, who are anxious to retard our progress or to accomplish our downfall, to discredit the early learning and civilization of our people. It has been their practice to say that the claims of this great civilization and antiquity were the creations of later date. Men, in the last twenty-five years, are proving that these legends and fables, which were seemingly for centuries our only heritage, have in them a great element of truth, and that many of the statements in the annals of the Four Masters which were so much disputed are unquestionably true.

Dr. Todd, of Dublin, interested as he is in the revival of the Gaelic language, came across the statement in the history of the Four Masters that on the 23rd day of April, in the year 1013, the battle of Clontarf was fought and won by Brian Boru, and the power of the Vikings in Ireland was killed forever. There were some people who failed to notice one little incident in the story, that at half-past five in the morning of that day the sun rose, and that at half-past five it was neap tide at Clontarf shore in the Bay of Dublin. Mr. Todd sent to Prof. Houghton, the great mathematician, and asked him to calculate at what time on the 23rd day of April, 1013, the sun rose, and at what time it was neap tide there, and Dr. Houghton comes back with his computations showing that the sun rose on that day on Dublin Bay at half-past five in the morning and that it was neap tide at the very same moment; sun set and high tide were also coincident. The significance of this proof, as a part of our analytical review, lies in this, that although the terrible battle waged from the rising of the sun to the going down thereof, the Danes were worsted in the end simply because of the swollen condition of the river and bay, and the fate of the battle was decided when they were unable to make their escape, and, being thus cut off from retreat were destroyed either by the sword before them or the flood behind them.

Gentlemen, this is but one incident in the record, but it tells us that what was put down by the chroniclers in 1013 is true.

In this connection there is another circumstance to which I might invite your attention. Pardon me if my selection of the theme be inappropriate. I know that to-night is not a night for argument, but is one for assertion, but I cannot forbear when I have made a statement as broad as that with which I opened, to offer something in this age of dispute in support of it. Long before St. Patrick came to Ireland the chroniclers record that on a certain day there was an eclipse of the sun. Let those who will cavil at those old documents. But some searchers after historical truth happened to run across the record of this incident, written long before the modern science of astronomy was known, and they tested its accuracy by astronomers whom they asked to state the times in the past two thousand years when the sun was eclipsed in that part of the globe, and among the days reported was this one recorded centuries ago by one who had no knowledge which would have enabled him to reckon backward so as to give the appearance of fact to otherwise fictitious history.

Gentlemen, if we will go on and assist in the movement that is now on foot in behalf of Irish antiquities, and give some dignity to these ancient documents which ignorant plunderers and war-like men who did not understand their significance have left in fragments, we will be contributing one of the greatest benefits to the cause of our people by proving their ancient civilization. Gentlemen, we have a long and noble lineage. Those who have despised us and trodden us under foot are people who belong to the day before yesterday, and we were ancient before any history of the world as we understand it now had been written. Look at the beautiful situation which we presented to the world. Read the stories and legends of the early Irish history. At some time, no one has been able yet to determine, this oldest branch of the Indo-European family forced its way through the gateway of the nations, that space between the Ural Mountains and the Caspian Sea, and spread over Europe, pursuing their way until they came to Ireland. There is abundant evidence that they found there before them a people far advanced in the arts of industry and peace. It may be a question whether we are as Celtic as we imagine ourselves to be. It may be that after the

evidence is all in the proofs will show that there was an ancient Irish race who absorbed the Celt when he came there and made him more Irish than the Irish themselves, as has happened a thousand times since when the invader was absorbed and lost his identity in the ancient race. (Applause.)

"The Day We Celebrate" is a day that is a signal one upon the calendar of the Church as being devoted to the memory of St. Patrick. Gentlemen, it is not purely a Christian festival. It commemorates the Irish pagan before St. Patrick came. Whatever was, whatever is, whatever will be in the Irish, seems to be all centered in the idea of that man who brought the message of love to a people who were prepared to receive it. All the races of Northern Europe were sunk in brutish ignorance; in idolatry so degraded that it is almost a crime to mention it in a public audience, but there was one place in the world where the great tenets of Christianity were received, and received gladly, and it is the only place where those ethical principles were received without the shedding of a single drop of blood, and that was Ireland. I do not wish to eliminate from the Divine plan of the world the grace that that people received to accept these doctrines; but I do say this, that there must have been a nobility and purity of nature in them and a high degree of intellectuality, since they accepted a religion as intellectual as the Christian religion especially when it meant the overturning of their cherished institutions and one of the best forms of paganism that existed at that day, a paganism so little degraded that it approached natural religion.

This is what we boast of—a pure civilization and an ancient and pure people. God knows we have been degraded, that the iron heel of war has ground us under; that we have been felled a thousand times by the armed hand of the invader; but throughout it all our people have clung to one thing—the invader may have possessed the soil, may have robbed us of our language and taken all our earthly possessions; he has never been able to deprive us, and never will be able to deprive us of the instinct of nationality. We were Irish then, are Irish still, and Irish we will continue. (Applause.)

Do we boast to-night? It is well that there should be left one day in the year when we may boast. What use did we make of our Christian civilization? Was it to keep it to ourselves for our own betterment? Oh, no. There is no country in Europe to-day which does not own and which should not recognize the services of the great Irish missionaries who evangelized the nations sunk in darkness, and illumined those that sat in the shadow of death.

Throw your gaze across the ages to the great schools of Ireland which were established before the Christian era and which were developed and made more perfect after St. Patrick's time. The great schools at Bangor, and Clonmacnoise, and Clonard, Clonfert, The Isles of Aran and Lismore, Glendalough, Lough Derg, Ross Innisfallen and Cork, and at other points in Ireland and across the neighboring waters in England and Scotland, not to speake of the hundreds of cathedral schools, too numerous to mention, which were fostered for the education of the clergy and laity alike. We have the authority of many historians and we have the exact words of the venerable Bede of England, that every scholar who came there, no matter under what sky he might have been raised, or what the hue of his complexion, if he came in the quest of learning, he was welcome to food, tuition, shelter and raiment, and everything he needed was supplied to him absolutely without cost. When they received their schooling they went over Europe in thousands in each succeeding year for centuries, as St. Gall went into Switzerland, St. Fergal into Germany, and you will find that all over the continent the Irish missionaries civilized those nations and established schools, and in the strength and fervor of the Irish civilization these institutions were maintained abroad for many centuries. It was part of the work of these Irish people to inculcate the principles of a high order of education at home and then go abroad and spread their learning and invite within the confines of their shore those who were hungering for the knowledge which alone can make men strong and free.

It is too long a narrative to occupy your time to-night. But it is a page of history which thrills us with pride. You know the subsequent story of our race; how the Viking from the

north, who had no knowledge of law or right, came down and plundered our monasteries and laid waste our schools, in which the priceless documents which told the history of our ancient days were kept, and if it were not for the libraries of Paris, and Louvain, and Rome, and others in Italy, Germany and Spain, where some of the documents of the Irish school, or fragments of some of them, were kept, we probably would now be bereft of these treasures of historical papers, and we might be deprived forever of many of the monuments of our title to the name of the Island of Scholars. In the turmoil of three hundred years of conflict with the Northmen great institutions fell, and before the devastation could be repaired after the expulsion of the Danish invader, our race had to take up the battle with the Norman aggressor, and for 700 years that strife has continued down to the present hour. The new struggle was more desperate. It was not merely one for nationality, but it became also one for religious liberty. I do not say this to wound the sensibilities of any man. I avow that no Irishman can remember Robert Emmet, Napper Tandy, Hamilton Rowan, Oliver Bond, Isaac Butt, Charles Stewart Parnell, Thomas Davis, John Martin, William Smith O'Brien, and all the great heroes of the olden days who professed a different faith from the majority of the Irish—no one, I say, who can remember their services to the cause, could be guilty of speaking disrespectfully of his Protestant brethren. But this is true, that the Irish passed through one of the bitterest struggles with which any people ever had to contend, to preserve their religion. They have gone through it and have survived. They tried to possess their own land and live in peace and virtue; they did everything which was possible to protect themselves from the invasion of the enemy without and against the tendencies of disintegration within. The whole history is one of battle for civil, industrial and religious liberty. Oh, gentlemen, is there any school in which we Americans could have been trained better than the school of that tradition to fit us for the inestimable right of a free citizenship? (Applause.)

At the critical hour in the history of this Republic, there stood up a figure in the Virginia House of Burgesses; the great question which was to be debated was whether the peo-

ple should be free or whether they should submit to the unjust domination of the so-called mother country; this majestic figure led the way to freedom when he said: "As for me, give me Liberty or give me Death." (Applause.) And it was the sentiment which infused itself into the hearts and minds of all the revolutionists and it ultimately succeeded. Who spoke when Patrick Henry uttered that declaration? Not Henry alone, but through him the suffering hearts of his ancestry, who for centuries had known what it was to lose their liberty. This tradition and this spirit prompted him and inspired his soul to cry out. The voices silent for ages, each cried aloud: "As for me Death without Liberty; as for me Death before political, or civil, or religious slavery." (Applause.)

Gentlemen, we, who enjoy here the bounty of this new land that God has sent us; we who enjoy the political freedom which has been bought at such a tremendous price of blood and of treasure; we, who know what havoc the spirit of religious rancor has wrought in the communities of the past, have inherited the minds consonant with the whole theory of American institutions. It would seem as though we were specially fitted by the training of our lives and by the traditions of our ancestors to contribute to this country that stable sentiment which must never die out if we would preserve and perpetuate the institutions which the fathers of this country founded. We are true, as the President has said, to the flag of the Stars and Stripes, and we are true to the green flag with its harp without the crown.

But, gentlemen, if any one finds offense at that we can only say that, the occasion given, no loyal nature will suppress sentiments so becoming to manhood. So, to-night we say, as the poet has said:

*"Remember thee? Yes, while there is life in this heart,
It shall never forget thee all lorn as thou art;
More dear in thy shadows, thy gloom and thy showers,
Than the rest of the world in its happiest hours;
Wert thou all I could wish thee, great, glorious and free,
First flower of the earth and first gem of the sea,
I might hail thee with prouder, with happier brow
But oh! could I love thee more deeply than now."*

Gentlemen, this is our heritage; this stimulates our ambition, to see the cradle land of our race a nation once again. Many, like myself, have never laid eyes upon that hallowed land; but we have been taught to cherish,—just as Hannibal in early childhood was sworn to eternal enmity to Rome—the hope of the overthrow of England in Ireland, and are unwilling to relinquish any of the aspirations of our ancient race to nationhood.

Gentlemen, our ambition is one that does harm to no just man, or people, or cause. We wish to disseminate this great principle among men of civil and religious liberty, and we claim the right to foster the principle, since we, among all other peoples, have suffered most for the preservation of civil and religious freedom. (Prolonged applause.)

The President then announced the next regular toast, “The United States.”

“Columbia, Columbia, to glory arise,

The queen of the world, and the child of the skies.”

(The Society then sang in chorus, “My Own United States.”)

THE PRESIDENT: In response to the toast just announced, that of the United States, it is my pleasure to introduce to you a gentleman from a neighboring State who has occupied high public position in his own section of the country, and who comes here to-night to join with us in this celebration. It affords me great pleasure to present the Honorable Joseph L. Barbour, former Speaker of the Assembly of the State of Connecticut. (Applause.)

MR. BARBOUR: Mr. President and Gentlemen: If, as is claimed, the United States of America has departed from the traditional policy in becoming a colonizing power, it is not greatly to be wondered at, for the United States of America may be said to owe its very existence to the spirit of colonization, inasmuch as its bravest and best colonists of our history have laid the foundations of the American Republic. The Englishman came to Massachusetts; the Dutch to New York; the Quaker and the German to Pennsylvania; the Swede to Delaware; the Cavalier to Virginia; the Huguenot to Georgia; the French to Louisiana; the Spaniard to Florida; and the Irishman to all the States. (Laughter and applause.)

I asked my good friend up in Hartford, Patrick Garvan, the father of your Assistant District Attorney, if it was in order to tell an Irish story at a dinner of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, and he said, "Tell all you're a mind too, so they are only decent and clean," and I said, "I never tell any other kind," and, said he, "Go ahead and let them have it." And so, there was an Irishman, speaking of this cosmopolitanism of the Irish race—there was an Irishman attached to the sutler's department of a certain division, and not in uniform, who fell asleep near Bull Run, in the early days of the war, and a Confederate scouting party came upon him and woke him up and said, "Who are you? Where do you come from? What is your name?" And the Irishman rubbed his eyes and scratched his head, and says he, "Begorra, those be difficult questions to answer, and before answering I'll be askin', by your lave, the same thing." And they said, "We are from McClellan's army and belong to Washington." "Ah, begorra," said Pat, "I am the same kind. Hooray for McClellan." "Aha," said the chief of the scouting party, "we've caught you now. We arrest ou." "How's that?" said Pat; "aren't we frinds?" "No," said the chief of the scouting party, "we belong to Beauregard's army." Then says Pat, "Ye told me a lie, and suspectin' that same thing, I told ye a lie, too.

Now tell me the truth, what side ye come from, and I'll tell ye the truth too." "Well," said the chief, "we belong to the State of South Carolina." "So do I," promptly responded Pat. "So do I—and to all the other States of the Union, too, and that is where I'm thinking I got the best of ye. D'ye think I'd be such a damn fool as to come all the way from Ireland and belong to only one State, when I have the right to belong to all?" (Laughter.) And our Irish friend spoke more wisely than he knew, for it is as Americans that we are known all the world over. If you go abroad, do they ask you what State you come from? No, no. "Does he belong to America? Do the wings of the eagle overshadow him? Do the folds of the flag protect him?" If so, it matters not from what State he comes or from what race, he springs. (Applause.)

Now, it is not to be wondered at that in the almost innumerable multitude who set their faces toward our hospitable shores there are many who not only see in this country a land flowing with milk and honey, rich in material things, but also look forward to it as opening unrivaled privileges of citizenship and unequalled chances for political preferment. What nation in all this world offers to its immigrants such abundance of opportunity with such a modicum of condition? From the Vice Presidency of the United States down to the school district committeeman, every office, national, State and municipal, is open to the adopted citizen. The Irish philosopher was right, who, between the whiffs of his pipe, sagely remarked to his neighbor upon the doorstep in the evening twilight, "Mickey, so far as I can see, there's only one great advantage in being born in this country; it saves the price of the stameship passage over." (Laughter.) And I heard the other day of one Irish lad who thought he might have saved that, for having only recently landed and spent all his money, and not having struck a job, and being rather blue, he wandered onto a dock and sat down, somewhat inclined to lament his passage expenditure and to wish

himself home again, when just then a diver who had been at work on the river bottom came to the surface and unscrewed his helmet and drew a long breath; and the Irish lad looked at him for a minute in amazement, and then says he, "Begorra, if I had only known you could do that I would have walked over from Ireland myself." (Laughter.)

Concerning this opportunity for office-holding, I am bound to say that our Irish fellow citizens show excellent discrimination in selection and noteworthy success in acquisition. (Laughter.) Of all people of foreign birth who come to our shores to take up their abode with us, none is so enthusiastically and loyally American as the Irish—(applause)—none quicker to cheer the old flag; none readier to fight for it, and, if the stern occasion arises, to die for it. (Applause.) Not even the native born Yankee—and I am one of them—is more disposed to boast of the greatness and glory of the United States than the Irish-American. "America, America," said one of them who had been with us for years and recrossed the sea to see the old father and mother upon the old sod; "America," said he, "ye might roll all England over it, and it wouldn't make a mark in the ground; there's fresh water oceans in the inside of it that you could drown old Ireland in; and as for Scotland, you might stick her in a corner of America and never find her out in the world but for the rotten smell of the whiskey." (Laughter.)

In fact, so thoroughly imbued is the average Irish-American with the American spirit, so quickly does he assimilate himself to American ideas, that I think he is sometimes disposed to look somewhat slightly upon the standing of other adopted citizens. (Laughter.) I heard once of a German-American who expressed the opinion down in lower Broadway that it would rain on the following day, and to him an Irish-American bystander scornfully remarked, "What business have ye foretelling American weather fer, ye furrin galoot?" And it was a small Irish-American lad who, being asked by his school mistress who was the first man, promptly responded, "George Washington." She answered, "No, Johnnie, George Washington was a great man, but Adam was the first man." "Well, ma'am," said he, "if ye're spakin ov furriners, praps he was." (Laughter.)

And as my friend here spoke to-night of the danger of foreign

war, this thought flashed through my mind: If we should enter into war with Germany, we native-born Americans might say, "Where will the Germans be?" If we should enter into war with Italy we might cry, "Where will the Italians be?" If so be we should engage in conflict with Great Britain, there would never be a whisper, "Where will the Irish be?" (Prolonged applause.)

And if it is true that the Irish-American catches in his basket his full share of plums that fall in the political orchard, it is partly because his fellow-citizens recognize the genuineness of his Americanism, not forgetting, however, that a portion of his success is because he is ever alive to his principles. No one can best him in this regard. I heard once of an Irishman and a Scotchman who were upon the Western prairies. Their food supply was exhausted at nightfall. After supper they shot one quail, which was enough for one for breakfast, but not enough for two, and they agreed between themselves that the man that had the loveliest dream should eat the quail. They lay down to rest by the campfire, and they arose in the morning, and the Irishman looked over to the Scotchman and said, "Phwat did ye drame?" And the Scotchman said, "I had a lovely dream, Mike: I dreamed that the angels let down a basket from heaven and drew me up to Paradise." And Mike says, "Begorra, I woke up and see ye goin', and I thought you warn't comin' back, and so I got up and ate the quail." (Laughter.)

It has been said that the United States of America—and if I talk too long, forgive me; I am like the New England clergyman, concerning whom the village paper published: "The Rev. Mr. Smith will preach next Sunday about the devil, and an interesting sermon may be expected, as the Rev. Mr. Smith is so full of his subject." It has been said that the United States of America is the only nation that knows its own birthday, and although it is true that the nation was officially born on that Fourth day of July in 1776 when that immortal document, the Declaration of Independence, was signed, yet it was not until nearly a century afterward that the nation had its rightful birth as the land of the free. While the Declaration of Independence proclaimed it to be a self-evident truth that all men are created free and equal, and that all men are entitled to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, it was also the truth that then and long

afterward a large portion of the people of this country were held in slavery and that half the men who signed their names to that immortal document were themselves the owners of slaves. And this peculiar institution, as it was called in the ante-bellum days, not only made our boasted freedom a mockery and a by-word among nations, but it lay like a chafing and ever-widening crevasse between the North and the South. In the Providence of God there came a day when the booming of the gun in Charleston harbor heralded the coming of a new day and the true birth of a nation. How wonderful was the uprising that followed that fateful sound!

When the flag of our common country was fired on and the bugle sounded to arms, they came from the pine forests of Maine, the granite hills of New Hampshire, the peaceful valleys of Connecticut, from the broad domains of New York, the mines of Pennsylvania; from the broad prairies of the West, from the slopes of the Rocky Mountains and from the golden sands of the Pacific slope; the hills trembled beneath their footsteps; the winds flaunted their banners.

It was war, not for conquest, but for conscience; not to enslave but to free; not to destroy but to save. The blood of martyrs in that contest washed away the stain of human bondage. Because of the sufferings of your brethren in that war, the American nation stands to-day unshamed before all the nations, with spotless robe and clean white hands and the blossoms of white upon the flag are the hope of the whole world. The war established the strength of the republic. It showed that a public government is at once the strongest and most flexible in history. Here was a republic of vast extent and with no army but her own citizens. Europe did not deny our notorious prosperity, our dull tranquillity, but, said Europe, it is not due to your political system, it is due to happy chance and circumstance; you are far away from other nations, and are not troubled by the problems that vex every old and crowded country, but your bond of union has never been tested. Your vessel sails serenely upon a summer sea, and it is the tempest that tries us all. At last the shining sea grew dark, the heavens were clouded, the tempest burst upon us, and the good ship quivered for a moment with the shock, and then swept on triumphant through the storm. The test had

come and was withstood. A government of the people, for the people and by the people was proven to be neither vacillating nor violent nor ambitious nor revengeful, but fixed in purpose, faithful to its principles, tolerant of vast expense and enormous losses, but strongest at the very point where fatal weakness was most suspected. If you put a million men under arms, cried Europe, you will end like all republics, in a military despotism. But before the summer that followed the war was ended, attest me, ye veterans, the war had given place to peace, the blue uniforms had been laid aside, the sword had become a plowshare, the great hosts of war had melted away into the greater hosts of peace. The great army that for four years shook the continent with its march was not what the armies of Europe had always been—a machine to manage the people—but it was the people managing themselves. (Applause.)

And so the victory which crowned the Union arms was not a sectional advantage; it was not the triumph of the North over the South, but of the Union principle of liberty over its enemies everywhere, and the men of the South have themselves long since agreed that defeat was victory. They see and own that nothing is so truly American as the equal union of all for the equal liberty of all. They see and own that a great nation, constantly enlarging and aspiring, stretching from the coast to the mountains, bound in one vast brotherhood of justice and intelligence and industry, is better than a puny group of States whose bond would have been human slavery and which would have stood alone amid the contempt and horror of mankind.

And so the soldiers who wore the blue were not the soldiers of section or party; they were the soldiers of the whole American people, of its deepest instinct, of its highest hope. They fought for the South as well as for the North. They saved the Old Dominion as well as the Empire State. The boys in blue were the crusaders of the Nineteenth Century in a modern Palestine. Beneath their blouses beat the hearts of the holy warriors of old; above their banners dwelt the arms of God. And while the stars shine in their courses, so long as Liberty is sweet and self-sacrifice is noble; while patriotism is precious and heroism sublime, so long will their great names be cherished and their great deeds be honored; and when the last soldier who rode with Sheri-

dan in the Valley of the Shenandoah or who marched with Sherman from Atlanta to the sea, or who fought with Grant in the Wilderness, has been gathered to the ranks of the faithful and placed in the faithful mother earth, the flowers cast upon their graves shall attest the memory and the recollection of a grateful and patriotic people. (Continued applause.)

THE PRESIDENT: A gentleman well known to the literary world, distinguished in many lines, is here to respond to the sentiment that has just been announced, "Celtic Footsteps." I bespeak for him a cordial welcome at your hands, and I know his eloquence will command your close attention. I have great pleasure in introducing to you the Reverend Doctor Cyrus Townsend Brady. (Applause.)

ADDRESS OF DR. CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY.

DR. BRADY: Mr. President and fellow speakers in the body of the house (laughter): Perhaps the best thing I could say would be "How do you do?" and then sit down, in accordance with the lateness of the hour. A person who comes along at this stage of the program is at a big disadvantage. Most of the audience is going, and the rest of the audience is wishing it could go. I can sympathize with them in their ambitions.

I have learned something this evening. First of all, I have learned that this was not purely a Christian festival. I am glad the Archbishop got away before that statement was made. (Laughter.) Then I learned that we were to be addressed by distinguished orators. I am glad I found that out before the speaking began.

I asked one of the members of the Society what was the object or purpose of this Society, being from the wilds of Philadelphia, I knew little about it, and he said it was to give this dinner, which is certainly a worthy object, and he also said that they had four meetings for "social cheer" during the year. I can imagine something of the cheer. He said they had a grand almoner who distributed charity to people of Irish birth. I have been waiting to be introduced to that gentleman all evening; my

address is at his service. I presume that I may lay claim to being an Irishman as much as any of you, perhaps; at least, I sometimes exhibit the distinguishing marks of Irishmen. I remember on one occasion I announced myself as the son of a soldier father and also the daughter of a soldier mother, and it brought down the house. (Laughter.)

Speaking of mothers leads me to the Irish woman, who has not been touched upon to-night. She is a dangerous person to touch upon under ordinary circumstances, as the husband of this one found out. He said to his wife, upon returning home one night, that he had a conundrum which had been propounded to him that evening, "Why was he like a donkey?" and the answer was, "Because his better half was stubbornness itself," and he went home feeling that he had the thought all right and could not make a mistake, and he said, "Bridget, why am I like a donkey?" and she said, "I don't know, unless because you were born so." (Laughter.)

My subject is "Celtic Footsteps," and that means anything and everything—for the Celtic footstep is a large one, and goes everywhere. I do not refer to the size of the Irishman's foot, though I believe he is able to hold his own anywhere except in Chicago; but the footstep of the Irishman is on everything when it is not in everything. It is certainly upon New York just at present. And as the subject is so wide a one, perhaps I can indulge in a little latitude myself and refer to a person who is very well known to me, namely, the individual who is now speaking. Personalities are always in order, if they are about yourself, because what you say about yourself you cannot take offense at. I went down to speak to an assembly of young men in the little town of Annapolis, where I went to school at the U. S. Naval Academy, and the local paper announced me as having graduated in the class of 1800! I suspect the editor had some Irish blood in him, because in the same issue there was an announcement that the ladies of the Methodist Church were about to give a strawberry and ice cream festival, for the purpose of replenishing the graveyard. (Laughter.) I thought they would certainly replenish it if they gave that sort of entertainment at that season of the year.

And that reminds me of an Irish clergyman, a great friend of mine, whose parish was in financial difficulties, and who stated

that the revenues of the parish were at a very low ebb, but that they had recently added four acres to the graveyard, and they hoped for a great increase in revenue during the coming season. (Laughter.)

How a former naval officer got to be a preacher is a question I have never been able to answer satisfactorily myself; and when I meet one of the officers who knows me he generally says: "How in ——" well, the expression is not ecclesiastical!—"did you get to be a preacher?" and I say "I cannot tell." One of the functions of a preacher is to marry people. I remember one story of a couple who were married by a preacher I know, and after the service, as the preacher had Irish blood in him, and was averse to letting any of his privileges get away, he kissed the bride, and the husband objected. This was away out west, a country that you gentlemen know but little of, but which exists very much. And after the husband began to object, the bride took off her veil and took the husband out in front of the church and proceeded to chastise him, with the remark that she allowed no one to prevent her enjoyment of all her religious privileges! (Laughter.)

From the subject of marriage to babies is a very natural one, because they usually come after that ceremony, or ought to. This particular baby that I am about to mention was the last of a numerous family which had just arrived at the home of a neighbor of mine, and after it appeared on the scene of action, one morning I chanced to be loitering in my yard, and the father of the infant came over to the fence that separated our yards. I went over to congratulate or condole with him, and he said: "I'll tell you what it is, Doc, I love my children and wouldn't take fifteen million dollars for any one of them, but to be perfectly frank with you, I wouldn't give fifteen cents for another one." (Laughter.) You seem to sympathize with the situation of that man.

From babies to bullets is a long transition, perhaps, but I remember when I started my Celtic footsteps to wander over a certain section of this country in defense of its principles in the Spanish-American War, my little boy startled me with the remark, "Say, Pop, if you get wounded I wish you'd keep the bullet which knocks you out, as a souvenir for my collection."

In that army of which I was a part I remember there was a young man who came up for baptism, and I prepared him as carefully as I could under the circumstances and made such inquiries as were possible to be made, and he was baptized. That night he deserted, and never turned up, has never turned up yet, so far as I know. Every time I held a service after that incident, and announced that I had a candidate for baptism, the officers would come up and say, "Won't you please put a guard around your man?"

Well, to cut it short, which I am sure will be welcome to you, the Irish can do anything if they only get together—that is, they can do everything but serve. I was much interested in reading an account in one of your papers of the wealthy colored people of this community, who were so able to enjoy the privileges of life that they employed white servants. And there was one significant fact stated in connection with that employment, that they never got an Irishman to work for them.

He will work for anything else, however. I was much interested to have the matter refreshed in my mind that all the offices of the United States are open to Irishmen. That is a fact that is evidently well known to Ireland, because all our offices are filled with Irish men. They say the Irish are not capable of self government, but if you could transport the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick to Dublin and start them to exploiting our American style of government, I am sure that Parliament would be moved over there, or else there would not be any.

To be serious, lest I imitate the position of the old colored man who when asked what his position in the church was, replied: "Really, I is jest nothin' but a clerical exhaustor," I will bring my remarks to a close with a little serious discussion. There are four Irishmen to whom I wish briefly to invite your attention to-night. One of them, singularly enough, was born almost on the anniversary of St. Patrick's Day. He was one of the great Irish-Americans who has done service to this country, that is, Andrew Jackson. (Applause.) He was the man who checked the tide of aristocratic ascendancy which might have overwhelmed the government, and restored the democratic principles upon which it had been established. He was a man of the plain people. His was the general democracy for which Mr. Delany has

so eloquently pleaded in his address. He was determined that the plain people of this country should rule, and therefore he was one of the greatest benefactors that the country has ever known. It was Andrew Jackson who said: "The Union must and shall be preserved." And Fiske, the most brilliant and able of our historians, says in that wonderful essay on Andrew Jackson: "In the early days of 1861, people's thoughts went back to the grim, gaunt figure, long since at peace in the grave, and from many and many a mouth was heard the prayer, 'O for one hour of Andrew Jackson.'" I do disagree with the speaker who has just spoken. That conflict about the race problem has not yet finished, and it will require the highest citizenship and widest culture to settle it in some way or other which shall be in accordance with the laws of God and privileges of men. (Applause.)

There are three other Irishmen to whom I wish to introduce you, and then I will stop. One of them—you remember when the news came blowing down the wind on that February day, that the *Maine* had been blown up in the harbor of Havana? Who was the real hero of that occasion? It was not my own able and eminent friend, Captain Sigsbee; it was not any of the officers of the gallant ship, many of whom I knew; but it was that plain, everyday Irishman, whose name was Bill Anthony, who coolly came up and said: "Sir, I have the honor to report that the ship is blown up and is sinking." (Applause.)

And now that I have had a word to say in regard to that incident of the late war, let me take you across the sea to Spain to the home of a partisan of the other side, the Duke of Tetuan. He lay dying the other day, and I do not suppose that anything in life so became him as the end of him. He certainly did something in death which commended him to everyone who loves a gentleman. The Queen, Christina, whom he had supported and befriended, hearing he was in his last illness, sent one of her gentlemen-in-waiting to convey her sympathy to him. He received the message with that exquisite courtesy and urbanity which are the heritage of the true Irish gentleman everywhere, and bade him say to the Queen that he was indeed sick unto death, but he desired to assure her in the serious condition in which he found himself, of his unalterable devotion to her as a Queen, and his willingness to serve her; and he further informed her that

when he was in the very articles of death he would let her know. And so, a few days afterwards, when he felt his end was near, he called his son, and with almost his last conscious breath bade him on the telephone assure the Queen that now he was dying, and now he wished with his last breath to reiterate those sentiments which had actuated him all his life. And it is a pleasure to note that the name of that Duke of Tetuan was O'Donnell. (Applause.)

There is just one more man, a long way from the Duke. This man's name was Murphy. He was a soldier in the regiment of which I was the chaplain, and he was stricken with the fever, like many a brave fellow who lay in the pest-laden camps of Chickamauga until he laid down his life—all that he had—for his country, this boy was dying. He had been delirious for a part of the time, and his talk in his delirium had not been of home, friend, sweetheart, or mother, but it had been of that which was present most powerfully to him, of that which had filled his heart and soul, of that to which he had consecrated himself, the regiment, the First Pennsylvania Volunteers. He said again and again, "I belong to the regiment; don't let me go from the regiment, don't take me away from the regiment; I want to go to the front with the regiment." By and by there was a temporary return of consciousness to that lad, and I brought him a bottle of apollinaris water. We had been drinking, Heaven only knows what we had been drinking; it was not water and it was not whiskey; we had been drinking all sorts of horrible stuff. And some one had sent me a little money as chaplain and I bought apollinaris for the fever stricken, and there was mighty little money and mighty little apollinaris. I went to his bed and said, "Here is a drink for you, Pat." And Murphy looked at it; there was ice in the glass, and it was cool; and if anybody has had the typhoid fever he will know that apollinaris water with ice in it is nectar. He looked at it and said: "How much have you got?" I said, "I have only this one small bottle." He said, "Give it to the next man, he wants it more than I do."

Why, gentlemen, Sir Philip Sydney was made immortal, not by the victories he won or his gallantry and devotion to his cause, not by the elegance of his manner or the courtliness of his demeanor, but because on the field of Zutphen he refused a cup of

water and gave it to another soldier, with the words, "Thy need is greater than mine." And that is what that Irish boy did. That was a way they had in the Irish service, and the memory of it has never left me, and never shall. (Applause.)

THE PRESIDENT: The next regular toast is "The State of New York," and we have here a gentleman to respond to that sentiment known to all of you, a distinguished official of this State, our Attorney General. I take great pleasure in introducing the Honorable John Cunneen. (Applause.)

ADDRESS OF HON. JOHN CUNNEEN.

Attorney General Cunneen responded as follows :

MR. PRESIDENT, and Gentlemen: In the galaxy of states New York is peerless; in all that challenges admiration and wins devotion she stands supreme. She has more wealth represented in her assessment rolls, more money in her banks, more capital in her enterprises, more men who have won in the battle for gain among her citizens, than any other state in the union.

But her claim to greatness is not dependent upon these facts. Wealth in and of itself never constitutes greatness. The miser is never great. Though his gold may pile mountains high, he is mean and despicable. Neither is a state great "where wealth accumulates and men decay."

The greatness of a state is to be measured by the mental, moral and social qualities of her people. She is great when the weak are protected, when justice is administered fairly and impartially, when virtue is encouraged and vice is repressed, and where God's poor are administered to, pursuant to His command. Happy is the state whose citizens place honor and virtue above sordid gain.

My mind now recurs to the happy state of Ireland in its golden days, as illustrated by the incident told so beautifully in Moore's poem :

“Rich and rare were the gems she wore,
And a bright gold ring on her wand she bore;
But oh! her beauty was far beyond
Her sparkling gems or snow white wand.

“ ‘Lady! dost thou not fear to stray,
So lone and lovely, through this bleak way?
Are Erin's sons so good or so cold,
As not to be tempted by woman or gold?’

“ ‘Sir Knight! I feel not the least alarm!
No son of Erin will offer me harm—
For though they love woman and her golden store,
Sir Knight! they love honor and virtue more.’

“On she went, and her maiden smile
In safety lighted her round the green isle.
And blest forever is she who relied
Upon Erin's honor and Erin's pride!”

In the last year, New York and its sub-divisions expended \$37,-369,017.88 for educational purposes, and the state alone expended for the maintenance of charitable institutions the sum of \$6,803,-762.25, making the grand total of \$44,172,780.13, devoted to education and charity. This is a sum which exceeds the entire annual income of countries that are famous in the history of the world.

More money and more effort are at this time employed in mitigating the needs of humanity, in works of private and public charities, in tending to promote those things which serve to brighten the joys of earth and the hopes of Heaven, than have been employed at any other one period in the history of our State. Then, my friends, why should we despair or lose hope for the future? Isn't the character of our citizens as exalted and as pure to-day as it ever has been in the history of the State, and have we not just cause to be proud of our State and its people?

As we assemble on this day dedicated to the honor of him who introduced the Christian faith into the land we all love, and from which most of us have sprung, it is a pleasure to reflect that the Sons of St. Patrick have taken an important part in accomplishing all the achievements of the Empire State.

Charles Clinton, the father of the Clinton family, which has furnished governors, a lieutenant-governor, senators, assemblymen, judges, and at all times during every day of the life of our State good citizens of New York, was born, as was his father and grandfather before him, in County Longford, Ireland. New York owes more to George Clinton, and his nephew, DeWitt Clinton, than to any other two men who have ever lived within its boundaries. George Clinton was the first governor of the State. He held the office eighteen years. He participated in the famous Continental Congress, and voted to adopt the Declaration of Independence. He taught the principles of pure and unadulterated democracy. He led the militia of the State in battle. He was the counsellor and friend of the people, and had a greater hold on their affections than any other man in the entire history of our State.

In this brief address, it is not possible to dwell more particularly on Irishmen or their achievements in the development of our State. I may, however, be pardoned if I take your time to mention the name of Thomas Addis Emmet, who once administered the duties of the office which I now have the honor to occupy. A man whose private virtues, great natural abilities and high attainments, and whose public services have won for him the enduring admiration and affection of the people of the State of New York. Nor should we forget another who held that office and discharged its duties in a manner so satisfactory to the people that they promoted him to the Court of Appeals, where he displays such legal learning, broad judgment, good sense, pleasant manners, and unswerving adherence to justice, that we are all proud of Judge Denis O'Brien. (Applause.)

In the ranks of those who went forth from New York to battle to retain every star in our nation's flag were many Sons of St. Patrick. They endured the hardships of sun and storm; they never lacked in courage. At the battle of Fredericksburg the bodies of the men who wore the sprigs of green in their hats

were found nearest the wall at Marye's Heights when the smoke of battle had cleared away. (Applause.)

My time will not admit special mention of the heroic deeds recorded to their credit. When the battle was done some returned with wasted, some with bruised, and many with maimed bodies. Some never returned, they fell in battle, they died in prison, they were buried in a strange land among enemies. No monuments mark where they repose, no loving hands adorn their graves with flowers, but their memories are ever cherished in our hearts. Their resting places are known to God. He embellishes their graves with Nature's flowers. He watches over them by His myriads of stars, which water them with dewy tears, and thus will they sleep until that great day of general reunion when the angel will blow the trumpet and the Sons of St. Patrick will be gathered from the many lands in which they have been scattered, to stand by his side at the Great White Throne of God, where their partings and their sorrows shall end, and we shall be happy forever. (Applause.)

THE PRESIDENT: In the absence of the Mayor, Mr. Charles V. Fornes, President of the Board of Aldermen, will say a few words in response to the toast, "The City of New York." (Applause.)

MR. FORNES: Mr. President and fellow-citizens: Unexpected as it is to you to have me address you this evening, much more unexpected it is to me. But after listening with pleasure to the words of praise in behalf of the ancient Society, which has existed now for one hundred and nineteen years, in all that time having made the parallel history of the Irish race, it is, therefore a great honor to me to be called upon, in the absence of the Mayor, to say something in behalf of the City of New York.

Your race has been an important factor in bringing about the present prosperity of the city of New York and in building it up, because you have followed that principle which has made your Society strong and memorable, good fellowship and charity. Do unto your fellow citizens as you would have them do to you, and if that motto is followed, naught else can be the result but a municipality that is strong, because it is united. This is em-

blematic of your society and of the guests here assembled, because it is charitable to have those around you whom you know to enjoy the festivities which you so celebrate once a year.

Two hundred and fifty years ago on the second of last month it was one of your noble sons who was close in touch with the origin of the present great metropolis of the City of New York—Mr. Dongan, who felt that to commence in a proper sphere and continue in a line that was loyal in every direction, to do that which in after generations must bring about the results which could not be else than beneficial to mankind; it was he who organized the first principles of constitutional government for municipality as well as state which have made the City of New York foremost in the world. And it is that spirit which has always actuated you, who have experienced that in trial and sorrow the noblest attributes of heart are brought forth and the greatest aims of man achieved. It is because of this that we may say that the city is proud of this ancient society, and we know that its members are united in the efforts which make for the betterment of the city. It is true that our great city, composed as it is, of all nations and all kinds, can still be made more beautiful. It is true we have to consider that sentiment which has actuated you, the sentiment of justice and humanity, that sentiment which gives you the highest ambition for freedom, which gives you the greatest power, and we know you will use that which nature has bestowed upon you to make a united effort to bring that desired end about and cause our great city to become more strong and powerful.

I know the hour is late, and had I the opportunity to have given the matter that thought which the occasion requires, it would have been my greatest pleasure to have stood before you and expressed myself in more suitable words. But I second the words which have been so nobly and eloquently expressed here to-night. The occasion has warranted such noble expressions. The City of New York affords opportunities such as no other city in the world presents. We want to make it the home of those who come from all lands and make it the grandest of all cities, and I am sure the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick will be foremost in bringing about that final greatness among the cities of the world. (Applause.)

The proceedings here terminated.

PLACES WHERE THE ANNIVERSARY DINNERS OF
THE SOCIETY HAVE BEEN HELD FROM ITS
ORGANIZATION TO THE PRESENT TIME.

- 1784 Cape's Tavern. (Now No. 115 Broadway.)
- 1785 The Coffee House. (Mr. Bradford's, in Water Street, near
Wall Street.)
- 1786 The Coffee House.
- 1787 The Coffee House.
- 1788 Merchant's Coffee House. (S. E. Cor. Wall and Water
Streets.)
- 1789
to The City Tavern. (No. 115 Broadway.)
- 1794
- 1795
to The Tontine Coffee House. (N. W. Cor. Wall and Water
Streets.)
- 1803
- 1804 The Old Coffee House. (In Water Street, near Wall
Street.)
- 1805 The Tontine Coffee House.
- 1806 The Tontine Coffee House.
- 1807 Phoenix Coffee House. (Wall Street.)
- 1808 Mechanics' Hall. (N. W. Cor. Broadway and Park Place.
- 1809
to The Tontine Coffee House.
- 1815
- 1816 Washington Hall. (Now 280 Broadway.)
- 1817 The Tontine Coffee House.
- 1818
to The Bank Coffee House. (S. E. Cor. Pine and William
Streets.)
- 1832
- 1833 The City Hotel. (No. 115 Broadway.)
- 1834 The City Hotel.
- 1835 The City Hotel.
- 1836 Washington Hotel. (No. 1 Broadway.)
- 1837 Washington Hotel.
- 1838 Carlton House. (N. E. Cor. Broadway and Leonard
Streets.)
- 1839 City Hotel.
- 1840 Niblo's Tavern. (Broadway and Prince Street.)

- 1841
 TO City Hotel.
 1846
 1847
 AND No dinners—Irish famine years.
 1848
 1849 City Hotel.
 1850 Delmonico's Hotel. (William Street.)
 1851
 TO Astor House.
 1856
 1857
 TO Metropolitan Hotel.
 1862
 1863 Delmonico's. (Broadway and Chambers Street.)
 1864
 TO Delmonico's. (Fifth Avenue and 14th Street.)
 1868
 1869 St. James Hotel.
 1870 St. James Hotel.
 1871 Hoffman House.
 1872 Hotel Brunswick.
 1873 Delmonico's. (Fifth Avenue and 14th Street.)
 1874 Delmonico's. (Fifth Avenue and 14th Street.)
 1875 Hoffman House.
 1876 Delmonico's. (Fifth Avenue and 14th Street.)
 1877 Delmonico's. (Fifth Avenue and 14th Street.)
 1878 Metropolitan Hotel.
 1879 Delmonico's. (Fifth Avenue and 14th Street.)
 1880 Delmonico's. (Fifth Avenue and 14th Street.)
 1881 Delmonico's. (Madison Square.)
 1882 Delmonico's. (Madison Square.)
 1883 Delmonico's. (Madison Square.)
 1884 Hotel Brunswick.
 1885
 TO Delmonico's. (Madison Square.)
 1895
 1896 Hotel Savoy.
 1897 Waldorf.
 1898 Waldorf-Astoria.
 1899
 TO Delmonico's. (Fifth Avenue and 44th Street.)
 1903

CHRONOLOGICAL LIST OF THE PRESIDENTS, TREASURERS
AND SECRETARIES OF THE SOCIETY FROM
ITS ORGANIZATION TO DATE.

1784-1788

DANIEL McCORMICK, *President*
HUGH GAINE, *Treasurer*
R. R. WADDELL, *Secretary*

1797-1804

DANIEL McCORMICK, *President*
WILLIAM HILL, *Treasurer*
R. R. WADDELL, *Secretary*

1789-1790

WILLIAM CONSTABLE, *President*
HUGH GAINE, *Treasurer*
R. R. WADDELL, *Secretary*

1805

DANIEL McCORMICK, *President*
JOHN CALDWELL, *Treasurer*
R. R. WADDELL, *Secretary*

1791

ALEXANDER MACOMB, *President*
HUGH GAINE, *Treasurer*
R. R. WADDELL, *Secretary*

1806

DANIEL McCORMICK, *President*
JOHN CALDWELL, *Treasurer*
CHRISTOPHER PRINCE, *Secretary*

1792

THOMAS ROACH, *President*
HUGH GAINE, *Treasurer*
R. R. WADDELL, *Secretary*

1807-1808

DANIEL McCORMICK, *President*
JOHN CALDWELL, *Treasurer*
R. R. WADDELL, *Secretary*

1793-1794

DANIEL McCORMICK, *President*
HUGH GAINE, *Treasurer*
R. R. WADDELL, *Secretary*

1809-1810

DANIEL McCORMICK, *President*
WILLIAM BRYAR, *Treasurer*
R. R. WADDELL, *Secretary*

1795

WILLIAM CONSTABLE, *President*
HUGH GAINE, *Treasurer*
R. R. WADDELL, *Secretary*

1811

DANIEL McCORMICK, *President*
JOHN CHAMBERS, *Treasurer*
R. R. WADDELL, *Secretary*

1796

GEORGE POLLOCK, *President*
HUGH GAINE, *Treasurer*
R. R. WADDELL, *Secretary*

1812-1814

DANIEL McCORMICK, *President*
JOHN CHAMBERS, *Treasurer*
NATHAN McVICKAR, *Secretary*

1815-1816

DANIEL McCORMICK, *President*
 JOHN WOODWARD, *Treasurer*
 NATHAN McVICKAR, *Secretary*

1817-1820

DANIEL McCORMICK, *President*
 JAMES MAGEE, *Treasurer*
 J. MONTGOMERY, *Secretary*

1821-1824

DANIEL McCORMICK, *President*
 MICHAEL MULDOON, *Treasurer*
 HARRIS BLOOD, *Secretary*

1825

DANIEL McCORMICK, *President*
 MICHAEL MULDOON, *Treasurer*
 A. CHARTERS, *Secretary*

1826

DANIEL McCORMICK, *President*
 J. B. MONTGOMERY, *Treasurer*
 A. CHARTERS, *Secretary*

1827

DANIEL McCORMICK, *President*
 J. B. MONTGOMERY, *Treasurer*
 JOSEPH ALEXANDER, *Secretary*

1828

JOHN CHAMBERS, *President*
 J. B. MONTGOMERY, *Treasurer*
 JOSEPH ALEXANDER, *Secretary*

1829

JOHN CHAMBERS, *President*
 J. B. MONTGOMERY, *Treasurer*
 THOMAS CLEARY, *Secretary*

1830

JOHN CHAMBERS, *President*
 JOHN WILSON, *Treasurer*
 R. A. FITZGERALD, *Secretary*

1831

JOHN CHAMBERS, *President*
 JOHN WILSON, *Treasurer*
 DUDLEY PERSSE, *Secretary*

1832

JOHN CHAMBERS, *President*
 JOHN MOORHEAD, *Treasurer*
 DUDLEY PERSSE, *Secretary*

1833

JOHN CHAMBERS, *President*
 JOHN MOORHEAD, *Treasurer*
 GEORGE S. CORBITT, *Secretary*

1834

JAMES McBRIDE, *President*
 GEORGE S. CORBITT, *Treasurer*
 DUDLEY PERSSE, *Secretary*

1835-1836

CAMPBELL P. WHITE, *President*
 SAMUEL OSBORNE, *Treasurer*
 DUDLEY PERSSE, *Secretary*

1837

CAMPBELL P. WHITE, *President*
 SAMUEL OSBORNE, *Treasurer*
 ROBERT J. DILLON, *Secretary*

1838

CAMPBELL P. WHITE, *President*
 ARTHUR STEWART, *Treasurer*
 DUDLEY PERSSE, *Secretary*

1839-1840

DR. ROBERT HOGAN, *President*
 ARTHUR STEWART, *Treasurer*
 WILLIAM ARNOLD, *Secretary*

1841

DR. ROBERT HOGAN, *President*
 ARTHUR STEWART, *Treasurer*
 M. O. BARRY, *Secretary*

1842

DR. ROBERT HOGAN, *President*
CHARLES M. NANRY, *Treasurer*
M. O. BARRY, *Secretary*

1843-1844

JAMES REYBURN, *President*
CHARLES M. NANRY, *Treasurer*
CHARLES H. BIRNEY, *Secretary*

1845-1848

JAMES REYBURN, *President*
CHARLES M. NANRY, *Treasurer*
WILLIAM G. FITZGERALD, *Secretary*

1849-1850

JAMES REYBURN, *President*
CHARLES M. NANRY, *Treasurer*
CHARLES H. BIRNEY, *Secretary*

1851-1852

RICHARD BELL, *President*
CHARLES M. NANRY, *Treasurer*
CHARLES H. BIRNEY, *Secretary*

1853

JOSEPH STUART, *President*
CHARLES M. NANRY, *Treasurer*
CHARLES H. BIRNEY, *Secretary*

1854-1856

JOSEPH STUART, *President*
CHARLES H. BIRNEY, *Treasurer*
RICHARD O'GORMAN, *Secretary*

1857-1858

SAMUEL SLOAN, *President*
CHARLES H. BIRNEY, *Treasurer*
WALTER MAGEE, *Secretary*

1859

RICHARD O'GORMAN, *President*
CHARLES H. BIRNEY, *Treasurer*
WALTER MAGEE, *Secretary*

1860-1862

CHARLES P. DALY, *President*
CHARLES H. BIRNEY, *Treasurer*
THOMAS BARBOUR, *Secretary*

1863

JAMES T. BRADY, *President*
CHARLES H. BIRNEY, *Treasurer*
THOMAS BARBOUR, *Secretary*

1864

JAMES T. BRADY, *President*
CHARLES H. BIRNEY, *Treasurer*
A. O'DONNELL, *Secretary*

1865

RICHARD BELL, *President*
HENRY L. HOGUET, *Treasurer*
WILLIAM WHITESIDE, *Secretary*

1866

JOSEPH STUART, *President*
HENRY L. HOGUET, *Treasurer*
WILLIAM WHITESIDE, *Secretary*

1867

HENRY L. HOGUET, *President*
WILLIAM WHITESIDE, *Treasurer*
JAMES REID, *Secretary*

1868

JOHN R. BRADY, *President*
WILLIAM WHITESIDE, *Treasurer*
JAMES REID, *Secretary*

1869

EUGENE KELLY, *President*
WILLIAM WHITESIDE, *Treasurer*
EDWARD BOYLE, *Secretary*

1870

CHARLES P. DALY, *President*
WILLIAM WHITESIDE, *Treasurer*
EDWARD BOYLE, *Secretary*

1871

JOHN R. BRADY, *President*
 WILLIAM WHITESIDE, *Treasurer*
 ROBERT J. HOGUET, *Secretary*

1872-1874

JOHN R. BRADY, *President*
 WILLIAM WHITESIDE, *Treasurer*
 S. O. A. MURPHY, *Secretary*

1875

THOMAS BARBOUR, *President*
 WILLIAM WHITESIDE, *Treasurer*
 S. O. A. MURPHY, *Secretary*

1876

THOMAS BARBOUR, *President*
 WILLIAM WHITESIDE, *Treasurer*
 EUGENE B. MURTHA, *Secretary*

1877

HUGH J. HASTINGS, *President*
 WILLIAM WHITESIDE, *Treasurer*
 EUGENE B. MURTHA, *Secretary*

1878-1880

CHARLES P. DALY, *President*
 WILLIAM WHITESIDE, *Treasurer*
 EUGENE B. MURTHA, *Secretary*

1881-1882

CHARLES P. DALY, *President*
 WILLIAM WHITESIDE, *Treasurer*
 JOHN MCK. MCCARTHY, *Secretary*

1883

CHARLES P. DALY, *President*
 EUGENE KELLY, *Treasurer*
 JOHN MCK. MCCARTHY, *Secretary*

1884

CHARLES P. DALY, *President*
 EUGENE KELLY, *Treasurer*
 JOHN SAVAGE, *Secretary*

1885-1886

JOSEPH J. O'DONOHUE, *President*
 EUGENE KELLY, *Treasurer*
 FRANCIS HIGGINS, *Secretary*

1887

JAMES R. CUMING, *President*
 EUGENE KELLY, *Treasurer*
 HENRY MCCLOSKEY, *Secretary*

1888-1889

JOSEPH J. O'DONOHUE, *President*
 EUGENE KELLY, *Treasurer*
 HENRY MCCLOSKEY, *Secretary*

1890-1891

DAVID MCCLURE, *President*
 EUGENE KELLY, *Treasurer*
 HENRY MCCLOSKEY, *Secretary*

1892

JOHN D. CRIMMINS, *President*
 EUGENE KELLY, *Treasurer*
 EUGENE DURNIN, *Secretary*

1893-1894

JOHN D. CRIMMINS, *President*
 EUGENE KELLY, *Treasurer*
 BARTHOLOMEW MOYNAHAN, *Secretary*

1895-1896

JAMES S. COLEMAN, *President*
 JOHN D. CRIMMINS, *Treasurer*
 BARTHOLOMEW MOYNAHAN, *Rec. Sec.*
 EDWARD J. MCGUIRE, *Cor. Secretary*

1897-1899

MORGAN J. O'BRIEN, *President*
 JOHN D. CRIMMINS, *Treasurer*
 BARTHOLOMEW MOYNAHAN, *Rec. Sec.*
 EDWARD J. MCGUIRE, *Cor. Secretary*

1900-1902

JAMES A. O'GORMAN, *President*
 JOHN D. CRIMMINS, *Treasurer*
 BARTHOLOMEW MOYNAHAN, *Rec. Sec.*
 JOHN J. ROONEY, *Cor. Secretary*

1903

JAMES FITZGERALD, *President*
 JOHN D. CRIMMINS, *Treasurer*
 JOHN J. LENEHEN, *Rec. Secretary*
 WILLIAM TEMPLE EMMET, *Cor. Sec.*

